

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 486.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS DISTURBANCE.



Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, who said Mr. Balfour was "the sole cause of any disorder."

WILD UPROAR IN HOUSE.
Spectacle Unparalleled Since the Great Home Rule Fight.

HOUSE OF DISORDER.
No. 62.]

PARLIAMENT.
STEAKERS SUSPEND THE SITTING.

VIOLENT SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
ATTACK ON MR. BALFOUR.
MINISTERS HOWLED DOWN.

UPROARIOUS SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
ATTACK ON MR. BALFOUR.
MINISTERS HOWLED DOWN.

MINISTERS HOOTED AND BUSINESS STOPPED.
PANDEMONIUM.

BEDLAM UNDER BIG BEN.
VIOLENT SCENES IN THE CHAMBER.
MINISTER HOWLED DOWN.

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Evening Sitting.

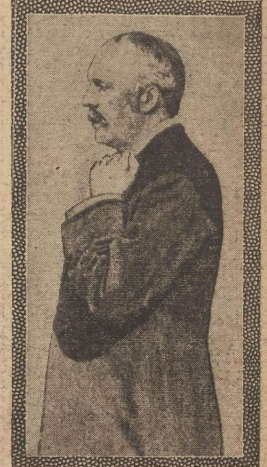
41st Adjournment (under Standing Order No. 10) (Colonial Preference).—Motion made, and Question proposed, "That this House do now adjourn."—(Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.)—Debate arising;

Mr. Flavin rose in his place, and claimed to move, "That the Question be now put," but Mr. Deputy Speaker withheld his assent, and declined then to put that Question:—Debate resumed:—

And Mr. Deputy Speaker, being of opinion that grave Disorder had arisen in the House, adjourned the House without Question put, pursuant to Standing Order No. 21.

• Adjourned accordingly at half after Ten o'clock.

JAMES WILLIAM LOWTHER,
Deputy Speaker.



Mr. Balfour, who "understood that he occupied the position of a criminal in the dock." He maintained a strict reserve while the row was in progress.



Mr. Lyttelton, who for an hour attempted to speak; but the House wanted Mr. Balfour, and howled him down.

Mr. Lowther, Deputy-Speaker, who adjourned the House peremptorily on account of the "grave disorder."



Mr. Winston Churchill, who, amid yells, walked defiantly up to the Speaker's chair, and, after some gesticulative pantomime, walked back again.



Lord Hugh Cecil, who mildly, tearfully, but vainly begged the House to listen to Mr. Lyttelton.

Mr. Dillon, who wanted the police sent for to clear the House. He also frequently exclaimed "Time!"



Mr. Lloyd-George, amid cries of "Sit down!" said no Prime Minister had ever before refused to answer questions.

Mr. Swift MacNeill, who, amid cheers, rushed from the House and returned with a big book.



Mr. Flavin, who incessantly moved "that the question be now put." But it wasn't. He did not seem to mind.

Mr. McKenna, who, amid Ministerial cries of "Scandalous!" suggested "Let us give him two minutes."

(Photographs by Russell, Thomson, Elliott and Fry, and Mills.)

MORE DISORDER IN THE HOUSE.

Mr. Balfour Gives a Sharp
Rebuke to "C.-B."

'DISGRACEFUL SCENE.'

Charges Liberal Leader with Com-
plicity in Rowdyism.

Another great scene, marked with much of the fierceness of Party passion which characterised Monday night's extraordinary uproar, occurred in the House of Commons yesterday. It was the immediate sequel to the proceedings of the previous day.

When the tall form of the Prime Minister, paler than usual, with eyes heavily puffed, emerged with a weary air from the glass doors behind the Chair, somebody raised a cheer. Instantaneously a mighty roar, the like of which is seldom heard in the House of Commons, swept the Government benches. Only the Prime Minister remained unmoved by the Party welcome.

"C.-B." promptly rose to open fire.
"Will the Prime Minister," he asked, "in view of the confusion created by recent declarations with regard to fiscal policy, and in particular to the proposed Colonial Conference, give a day on which we can bring forward a vote of censure?"

"Before the Prime Minister answers that question," interposed Sir William Hart-Dyke, "I crave leave to ask him whether, in the possible event of his giving facilities for another discussion, he will make an appeal to the Leader of the Opposition to offer some expression of regret for the obstruction and insulting language levelled against a Cabinet Minister for fifty minutes last evening."

RADICAL YELLS.

Uproar drowned the opening words of the next sentence. "Order!" yelled the Radicals. "Police!" screamed the Nationalists. "Withdraw!" "Chair!" roared the leaders of the Opposition.

Challenged by Mr. Lough as to the use of the word "insulting," the Dartford baronet withdrew for the word "offensive." Then an immense hurricane of cheers signalled Mr. Balfour's appearance at the table. As paper, he proceeded to speak amid a hushed silence.

"I confess," he remarked, "I was somewhat surprised at the note the right hon. gentleman sent me about his question, wherein he says 'The confusion created by recent declarations of policy.'"

There were two Ministers prepared to clear up the confusion if it existed, and were prevented from doing so by the disgraceful scenes which took place last night, and I did not notice that the right hon. gentleman took any steps to prevent those scenes.

"I have," Mr. Balfour continued, "so far as I am concerned, no objection to giving time for the discussion of the matter interrupted in the manner I have just described, provided we have some undertaking that the debate shall take place under the ordinary conditions of decency and fair play."

Roars of tumultuous Ministerial cheering gave point to the remark of a Unionist as he left the Chamber: "Balfour's had the best of it to-day."

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Lord E. Talbot's Appointment as Government
Whip a Surprise.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Tuesday night.—After what took place in the House to-day, many doubts were expressed as to whether Sir Henry "C.B." will persevere in asking for a date for the vote of censure. At the same time, negotiations between the Whips to-day will probably result in Monday or Tuesday being set aside for the proposed debate.

Mr. Chamberlain and his friends have been very busy in the Lobby this afternoon, and they are understood to welcome a discussion as to the powers of the Colonial Conference, which is to meet next year.

No little surprise was expressed to-day at the appointment of Mr. Eden to Talbot to the post of Junior Lord of the Treasury in place of Mr. Gerald Loder, who was defeated at Brighton. The hon. member, who is a brother of the Duke of Norfolk, represents the Chichester Division; but he is not well known in the House, having taken no prominent part in its debates. The Liberals have already selected Mr. Allen to Talbot the seat, and a Liberal member who knows the constituency tells me that it will take the new Whip all his time to retain his seat.

Lady Hobhouse, widow of the first baronet, left estate of the gross value of £23,551.

FELLED AT GOLF.

Man Struck by Player During a
Strike of Caddies.

A strike of caddies on the course of Walton Heath Golf Club, of which the Prime Minister is a member, has resulted in a remarkable affray, during which a player, Mr. C. H. Pilcher, under great provocation, accidentally hit Edward Earl with an iron club.

The injured man lies seriously ill at Guy's Hospital, with a fractured skull. So forcible was the blow that the club broke.

Earl's wife told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that her husband was the unfortunate victim of an attack that was meant for another.

"On Sunday afternoon the gentlemen had difficulty in getting caddies to work for them. Several men attempted to take the bag from Mr. Pilcher's caddy. My husband, who had nothing at all to do with the quarrel, received the blow."

An official at the club house told the *Daily Mirror* that the affray was the upshot of a long series of persecutions by "roughs" from the village, who attempt to tyrannise players into giving bigger fees than the rules provide for.

"Mr. Pilcher was very roughly handled. He was seized by the throat and bears bruises."

"It was purely in self-defence that he swung his club."

DISEASE BY LETTER.

Strange Origin Assigned to English Outbreak
of Spotted Fever.

Spotted fever is assuming the character of a real scare in the shoemaking village of Irthlingborough, where four deaths have occurred, and further afield into Northamptonshire.

Fear is intensified by the fact that the cases occurred in a thickly-populated part of the village, which has suffered several serious fever epidemics. Dr. Farrow, one of the medical officers to the Local Government Board, is on the spot investigating the outbreak in conjunction with Dr. Robb, medical officer of the district, who is preparing a special report.

Suspected cases are under observation, and it is suggested that the origin of the disease was a letter received from America.

DISCONCERTED ACTOR.

Studies of Richard III. Rudely Disturbed by
Violent Explosion.

Remarkable scenes were witnessed yesterday at a gas explosion which occurred at 24, Elmsmere-street, Leigh.

The two occupants, Mrs. Alice Hodgson and her sister, Miss Nellie Berresford, were blown through the window into the street. The married woman dropped under the feet of a lorry horse. Her boots were blown off, and her dress was partially burnt. Miss Berresford, who was much burnt and cut, is still unconscious.

The house was completely wrecked, and the furniture blown to fragments. Windows in the houses on the opposite side of the road were broken, and damage was also done to residences on either side of the women's dwelling.

In one of these houses, Mr. Edwin Beverley, an actor, was studying the character of Richard III. when his meditations were interrupted by falling bricks and ceiling. Through the windows of his room volumes of flames, gas, and dust rushed in and, half-suffocated, Mr. Beverley jumped through the window into the garden.

BITING MAY.

Frost and Bleak Winds Work Sad Ravages
Amid the Crops.

The bleakness of May continues. Town-dwellers grumble. Farmers and fruit-growers complain bitterly of damage to crops.

No one can be found who has a good word to say for the drop from 71 degrees on the 18th inst. to 24 degrees on the 23rd.

From South Leicestershire the news comes that eight degrees of frost were registered yesterday morning.

Early potatoes and strawberries are sad sufferers, while peas and other garden produce have received a set-back from which they can hardly recover.

The orchards, which, forty-eight hours ago, were gay with bloom, are now blackened and blighted.

FEMALE BANDIT ON CRUTCHES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Tuesday.—A notorious band of thieves and highwaymen has at length been captured in the Stiefmark (Austria).

The band, consisting of twenty-one persons, was under the despotic control of an old, decrepit woman on crutches. The most recent crime of the band was the murdering of two wealthy women.

'SPANISH SWINDLERS.'

Gang Arrested in Spain—Alderman
Dodges a Trap.

MADRID, Tuesday.—The police have arrested a gang of men who have been swindling French and German merchants by stories of hidden treasures. Correspondence which has been seized proves that the gang had relations in every country of Europe and America.—Reuter.

There is not a town in England or America where the "Spanish swindle" has not been attempted on prominent people.

The British and American public have been relieved of many thousands of pounds annually by these astute swindlers.

The Spanish swindle is far and away the most successful "confidence trick" ever devised.

A typical example is seen in the case of a Liverpool alderman who was selected as a victim this week. The alderman, however, being a member of the watch committee, did not fall into the trap.

The trap was the same old one. A poor fellow lies in a Spanish gaol. He has £37,000 in a London bank. He is a relative of the alderman's wife, and has a daughter of twelve years whom he wants to send to England.

If the alderman will assist him in getting the money from the bank he shall have a quarter of it, the remainder to be devoted to his daughter's education, and so on.

A few months ago the astute head of Gamage's, the Holborn outfitters, received a letter from the "Spanish prisoner."

A Midland farmer was told that if he went to a certain tree on his farm he would find it marked with a cross of nails—a sign that his correspondent's word was to be relied on.

FORWARD MOVE.

Whole Japanese Line Operating Against
Russian Centre and Right.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Echo de Paris" says he learns from a member of the General Staff that the Tsar has received a very short telegram from General Linievitch announcing that the Japanese had begun the offensive along the whole line.

At present, however, this offensive was only of the nature of a reconnaissance in force, principally on the Russian centre and right.

An Exchange message from St. Petersburg states that General Kaulbars is reported ill and likely to return home.

GIRL GAGGED AND BOUND.

Thrilling Story of Night Adventure with
Two Desperadoes.

Gagged, bound, and lying unconscious on the bed in her room, Susan Bird, aged nineteen, the daughter of a greengrocer, in Chorlton-road, Manchester, was found by her brother when he retired to rest on Monday night.

Miss Bird related a thrilling story of her adventures. She says she went to her bedroom in the dark, and had partially dozed, when two men sprang upon her. One put a revolver to her head and threatened to shoot her if she uttered a sound. They stuffed her blouse in her mouth, and when a handkerchief was placed to her nose she lost consciousness. Although several drawers in the room had been opened, nothing was stolen.

The girl's parents were downstairs at the time, but they heard no sound overhead.

"PINNING" THE VICAR.

Unemployed Call Leicester Clergyman to
Book for Unpleasant Allegation.

The Rev. F. Payne, vicar of St. Andrew's, Leicester, having publicly stated that, included among those who were parading the streets of Leicester in the ranks of the unemployed were many who preferred a life of crime, several hundred out-of-workers expressed their intention of visiting the vicar's church on Sunday.

The vicar, however, has informed them that a prior engagement will necessitate his being away from Leicester on Sunday, but he is willing to meet the men face to face at a public meeting this morning.

The leaders of the unemployed have accepted this challenge, and a member of the town council will occupy the chair.

£118,000 BY HUTH SALE.

The sale of the Huth collection of objects of vertu concluded at Christie's yesterday, making, with the £50,000 obtained for the pictures last Saturday, a total of £118,000.

The principal items sold were two small Wedgwood plaques, one 7in. by 10in. and the other 6in. by 15in., which made £257 10s. and £210 respectively, and a Worcester dessert service, which realised £252.

GERMANY'S ROYAL WEDDING.

Gamble for Places on the Pro-
cession Route.

"CORNER" IN WINDOWS.

Dance of Torches and a Division of the
Bride's Garters.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Tuesday.—There is an echo of the late Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee about the forthcoming wedding of the Crown Prince of Germany.

Speculative Berliners have not been slow to seize upon the joyous occasion as an excellent opportunity for a gamble. So soon as the probable course of the bridal procession was published, "city men" approached the owners of every house along the line of route, and succeeded in "cornering" very many of the windows. Prices for seats are going up daily, and yesterday I found it almost impossible to secure three seats together in one window at £2 per seat.

BRIDAL YACHTING PARTY.

Last week the Crown Prince and his fiancée joined a jolly yachting party on the Havel Lakes, in the neighbourhood of Potsdam. Both were in the highest spirits, despite the anxiety of the Duchess Cecilie on behalf of her brother, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who is in bed with chickenpox, supposed to have been contracted from his sister-in-law, the Duchess Olga, who is now convalescent.

Duchess Cecilie is said to be much distressed at the many rumours respecting her mother, the Grand Duchess Anastasia, who, it is now positively asserted, will not be present at her daughter's wedding.

The Crown Prince's fiancée is stated to have informed a close personal friend that her wedding would have to be postponed if her mother could not attend the ceremony. In this connection it is semi-authoritatively stated that the Grand Duchess Anastasia's health is so bad that it will be impossible for her to be present.

But those who know shake their heads and declare that the mother of the Crown Prince's fiancée is proud, and does not wish to be snubbed by the Kaiser and Kaiserin.

It is public property that the Emperor and Empress have not yet forgiven the Grand Duchess Anastasia her "negligence" in allowing her daughter to meet the Crown Prince at Florence without her presence, and only under the chaperonage of a lady-in-waiting.

PRINCESS'S MOTHER.

Another popularly-accepted, but entirely erroneously, explanation of the tension which undoubtedly does prevail between the Kaiser and the mother of the Crown Prince's fiancée is that the Grand Duchess insisted on having so many of her daughter's dresses made in France and England.

During Duchess Cecilie's recent visit to the Grand Duchess Marie at Schloss Ravensteinfeld, the Crown Prince repeatedly ran over in his motor-car to see her. The Imperial yacht is expected to be enthusiastic motorists, and the Crown Prince and his fiancée alike were much gratified when the King of the Belgians notified his intention of sending them a high-power motor-car.

By all accounts, the Kaiser has decided that every one of the ancient customs of the Hohenzollerns shall be observed at the wedding of his eldest son. A wonderful torch dance has already been composed on mediæval lines by Prince Albrecht, Regent of Brunswick, and it is affirmed that among many other highly diverting scenes the bride's garters will solemnly be divided in the presence of most of the male members of the Imperial Family.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Mr. William Ziegler, the well-known millionaire, who is interested in Arctic exploration, is stated to be dangerously ill.

About 817 miles east of Sandy Hook, Lord Brassey's Sunbeam, competing in the ocean yacht race, was seen by the Kronprinz Wilhelm.

A new mail contract in connection with the Orient Pacific service has been arranged between the Pacific Steam Navigation Company and the Australian Government.

Although there are encouraging indications of a speedy end of the teamsters' strike in Chicago, every militia company in Illinois has been warned to be ready for emergencies.

The doors of the Merchants' Trust Company in New York, which has a capital of £100,000 and owed depositors about £400,000, have been closed by order of the Bank superintendent.

Nothing has been heard of the French barque Cousins Reunis, which left St. Servan eighty days ago for Newfoundland with 128 French fishermen as passengers. It is feared she has foundered.

THE GREAT HISTORY BAZAAR.

Peereesses Dressed in Costumes of All English Reigns.

FAIRY-LIKE SCENES.

In the good cause of charity a grand bazaar was opened yesterday at Westminster by the Duke of Connaught. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Duchess, their daughters, and Prince Gustavus of Sweden. The takings are to go to replenish the funds of Westminster Hospital.

Flooded with warm May sunshine the scene in Dean's Yard, where Westminster schoolboys play, was one of dazzling brilliance.

The playground is encircled by a grand green and white marquee, and on the grassy open space within the tented ring ladies and gentlemen, between intervals of buying, listened to the music of the band.

The stalls are ranged all on one side, and faced with the French windows, giving access to the yard. As the gay crowd moved about one noted many historical costumes. Here a lady in the Norman Conquest passed a Cavalier dame in her picturesque satin dress, with elbow sleeves and lace collar.

A stately Queen Anne lady, in broadened satin, with powdered hair, chatted with an early Victorian dame in her short satin frock and big poke bonnet. At the stall of King Edward ladies wore choice and costly costumes in the latest present-day style.

The Beautiful Duchess.

The palm was unanimously awarded to the graceful Duchess of Sutherland. Her dress was of thistle-blue taffeta decorated with exquisite old lace. In contrast to the homed and steeple head-dress worn by many ladies, the black picture hat of the Duchess was a real millinery triumph.

Pretty aures in uniform gave a note of bright blue to the kaleidoscopic scene. Their white capes were the admired of all beholders. The Puritan ladies looked very demure in the sombre attire worn in the spiritless Cromwellian period of England's history.

Many encomiums were lavished upon the ladies of Charles the First's reign, wearing tall Vandeyke collars and haughty headgear.

A ringing cheer announced the arrival of the royal party, and the band struck up the National Anthem. Preceded by the Mayor and Corporation of the City of Westminster, wearing their robes, the royalties arrived, and took up their positions on a raised dais on the grass. In a word the Duke of Connaught announced the bazaar open.

The Duchess wore a dress of grey panne, with a feather box and black and white toque. She carried a bouquet of red and white flowers, culled from the Duke of Buccleuch's gardens at Dalkeith.

Betrothed Royal Couple.

Princess Margaret and Princess Patricia of Connaught were dressed alike in princess blue cloth, with touches of delicate lace and large black hats. Admiring glances followed Prince Gustavus Adolphus as he walked round the bazaar with his fiancée.

The royal party made a tour of the stalls, purchasing something from each. From the Conquest stall they bought a beautifully-bound book; from the Duchess of Norfolk's stall a couple of old glass tumblers; an enamel box from the Duchess of Westminster; and a rose-bowl and glass vases from the Duchess of Sutherland.

Lady Llangatock at the Welsh Industries stall sold the Duchess two lengths of Welsh tweed in mauve and white; Princess Margaret bought the Chinese Ambassador's stall and two beautiful fans were added to the royal purchases at the Henry V. stall.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Salisbury, and Lady Chesham were walked round the bazaar with the royal party; and during the afternoon the Swedish Prince was persuaded to go to have his picture sketched by the lightning artist.

Among those present were Lady Tweeddale, Lady Mary Howard, Lady Denman, Lady Pearson, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Sassoon, Mrs. Asquith, and Lady Knutsford.

All the afternoon tea at quaint round tables was served by ladies in Puritan dress; hospital aures sold lovely nosegays to, among other people, the Chinese Ambassador, who beamed benignly as a yellow rosebud was pinned into his brown satin robes; and the sound of gay music, the rustle of the wind in the trees, the pleasant clink of money, and the sound of voices and laughter, all helped towards making the scene one of great charm.

The proceeds promise well to go far towards wiping off the large debt of the hospital—the laudable object of the bazaar which the Duke of Connaught commended in his opening speech.

QUESTION OF "GROUNDS."

Alderman Huggett (to Tottenham applicant for a summons against a man who he said had assaulted him on his own ground): Had he no grounds to hit you?—Yes, my own.

Is the ground yours?—Yes, but people think I've stolen it. They think I've run away with it. Then, they are running away with a wrong idea. Yes, there are "grounds" for a summons.

DOG'S DEVOTION.

Touching Story of Vigil Round Its Master's Watery Grave.

A touching story of a dog's devotion comes from Hackney.

The hero is a collie which belonged to a man named Campion, and the scene of the tragic little drama was the dreary marshland in that corner of London.

As Police-sergeant Cory was crossing the Marshes about five o'clock in the morning the dog came running towards him at full speed in a wildly-excited way. On reaching him it set up a dismal howl, and then ran towards the River Lea again. There was no mistaking the intention of the animal, and the sergeant followed as fast as he could.

When the dog led him down the steps leading to the towpath beneath Homerton Bridge, the sight that met the sergeant's eyes told its own tale.

On the path was a man's coat and pipe and a piece of soap. Showing every symptom of grief the dog walked round and round the things and then looked helplessly at the river.

As plainly as if he could speak, the dog was saying that his master lay at the bottom of the water, and when drags were set to work this was found to be only too true.

The body of Campion, a man of about fifty years of age, was found. It is supposed that he had been washing the dog and had fallen into the river.

"PEPPERED" WITH NAILS.

Huntingdon's "Prickly" Reception of Motorists and Cyclists.

A new risk is threatening the motorists who make use of the main roads in Huntingdonshire.

For some days scarcely a motor-car or cycle has passed along the roads in the immediate vicinity of Huntingdon without sustaining a puncture, and an investigation has brought to light the fact that the road had for a considerable distance been "peppered" with hundreds of hob-nails, such as are used for the heels of heavy boots.

Portions of broken three-cornered files have also been found, and other portions of the North road have been similarly treated. The outrage is attributed to tramps, who object to the dust created by motor-cars.

WELDING OF NATIONS.

French Guests Like England, but Not the "Siberian" Cold.

Smart Paris seemed to have migrated to the vestibule of the Criterion Restaurant yesterday, when, at midday, certain of our members of Parliament and their wives entertained to luncheon the fifty Frenchmen, members of l'Entente Cordiale and the Touring Club of France and the ladies who accompany them in their welcome invasion.

The *Daily Mirror* conversed with several of the guests, and found all delighted with the welcome accorded them.

"It is early for impressions," exclaimed one, laughing, "but the first impression that we have all received is that the 'entente' is very real, and that we are indeed royally welcomed."

"It was last night that our programme began," he went on. "We attended a reception at the Botanical Gardens—yes, it was charming, but cold—a veritable cold of Siberia—a cold of Siberia, my dear sir! Still we must be flattered that it was not a fog!"

FIRE BY HEAT WAVE.

Trawler Set Ablaze by Strange, Natural Phenomenon.

A phenomenon, almost too singular for belief, is reported by Archibald Friend, of Brixham, the home of the picturesque trawlers.

He is owner and skipper of the fishing ketch Breadwinner, and on Wednesday last was about four miles off Newhaven, when a fresh north-east wind was blowing and the sky was clear.

About noon he saw a great heat-wave rise from a white chalk field at the rear of the adjacent Marconi telegraph station. Within a few minutes the Breadwinner's foremast was ablaze, and the ship's staff had to throw buckets of water over the flames, which were quickly extinguished.

It was subsequently discovered that a patch of the deck about three feet square had also been burnt, and the windlass and winch were so hot that the crew could not touch them.

DIED DURING THE HONEYMOON.

William Garbally, china dealer, driving to his home at Neath yesterday, was thrown from his trap by the shying of his horse, which fell on him, inflicting fatal injuries.

Mr. Garbally was married only a fortnight ago.

"GIBSON GIRL" IN THE LAW COURTS.

Story of a Two-Line Part and a Fortnight's Notice.

JUDICIAL JOKES.

Daintily lifting her black satin skirt, a Gibson girl swept with the graceful Gibson girl gait into the witness-box of Mr. Justice Darling's court yesterday.

But she did not stare the Court out of countenance with the haughty Gibson girl stare. Instead, she bestowed on it a charming smile.

Four other Gibson girls beamed back sympathetically from where they sat abreast among a barrister escort.

"Breach of contract" was what had brought the Gibson girl—Miss Ethel Lucy Carrie Thomas—to the witness-box. She claimed that, when at the beginning of the run of the "Catch of the Season" Gibson girl, the idea was that she should continue to be one until the play was withdrawn.

Rights of Gibson Girls.

But, alas, it had only been running a fortnight, when she was told that another Gibson girl was coming home from the provinces, and that the room had to be found for this young lady. So Miss Thomas received a fortnight's notice—wrongfully, she says.

Mr. Charles Frohman and Messrs. Gatti, whom Miss Thomas sued, took a different view of the matter. Their defence to her claim was that all the Gibson girls were subject to a fortnight's notice, and that ordinary Gibson girls were not like ordinary actresses, who are entitled by custom to play throughout the run of a piece.

Very frankly and modestly Miss Thomas outlined her claims to be considered an actress as well as a Gibson girl.

She had originally three pages of a part to learn, she said, and then she added, smiling as if this was the greatest joke in the world, that the part was afterwards cut down to two lines.

The Judge at once expressed a desire to hear this two-line quintessence of a three-page part, and Miss Thomas obliged:—

"I'm a perfect wonder at spotting winners, and I hardly ever lose a bridge."

A round of appreciative laughter greeted her effort.

Judge's Thirst for Knowledge.

Evidently determined to take the opportunity to add to the large stock of theatrical knowledge that he gained in the recent "Cangale" trial, the Judge put several other questions. Among those to which illuminating replies were given were:—

"What is a Gibson girl?"

"Is the person who plays Hamlet engaged on the same terms as the person who says, 'My lord, the carriage waits'?"

But one of his lordship's questions proved to be a poser.

"If the custom is that an actress once engaged plays through the run of a piece, what would happen if a lady was engaged to play a young girl's part, and then the play, like 'Charlie's Aunt,' was to go on running for years and years?"

"It would be very unfortunate for the management, they would have to let the lady go on playing," was the solution offered by Charles Cruickshank, of the Actors' Association.

The principal witness for the defence was Mr. Seymour Hicks, who, so Mr. Eldon Banks pointed out, in his capacity of author of "The Catch of the Season," could tell the Court all about the book of words.

The famous author-actor hastened to explain that he repudiated all responsibility for writing Miss Thomas's curtailed part.

The jury disagreed, but remarked through its foreman that it was nearly unanimous.

MILL-HAND TO OPERA STAR.

Romantic Career of Mr. John Harrison, the Covent Garden Tenor.

From mill-hand to operatic singer is a long stretch. Mr. John Harrison, the English tenor who sang the part of Heinrich in "Tannhauser" last night at Covent Garden, has spanned it in the space of four years.

Up till 1901 Mr. Harrison was employed in a cotton factory at Oldham. He had always been fond of music, and studied much by himself, singing at concerts. A local music-teacher, recognising that his was a voice far above the average, urged him to go to London. Mr. Harrison managed to come to the capital, and got Mr. Santley to hear him.

END OF "THE ORCHID."

Having run for over eighteen months, and been presented 558 times, "The Orchid" will, after to-night's performance, be withdrawn from the stage of the Gaiety Theatre.

WAR ON INNOCENCE.

How British Womanhood Is Preyed on by Employment Agencies.

Startling evidence was yesterday supplied by Mr. Coote, secretary of the National Vigilance Association, to the House of Commons Committee now inquiring into the status of female employment agencies.

The cases of bogus theatrical agencies, he said, which came under his notice, were as nothing compared with the shocking state of affairs in the servants' and governesses' registry business. Seven different sorts of frauds, resulting frequently in the utter wrecking of girls' lives, were described by him.

He referred first to agencies which obtained money by promising employment which was never procured, and then to agencies which extorted fees from would-be employers without providing servants.

Thirdly, fourthly, and fifthly, there were houses where girls were induced to stay on the pretext that employment would be obtained for them. They were encouraged to remain until they found themselves in debt to their entertainers.

At this stage of girls' career every facility was placed in the way of girls likely to make a false step. Those who disregarded the traps set for them were deprived of their boxes and other possessions and turned out of the house.

Even worse were the Continental agencies which promised to obtain situations in this country for young girls unable to speak a word of English. Hundreds of these girls landed here at a cruel disadvantage, but their society had interfered, notably in Denmark, and checked such practices.

Seventh on Mr. Coote's list were establishments that cloaked their real character by the transaction of a legitimate registry-office business.

WHO THREW THE BRICK?

Kindly Magisterial Solution of an Intricate Post-Hymeneal Problem.

Nervously placing a brick before the Brentford magistrate yesterday, a young woman asked for a summons against the young man who threw it.

"Did it hit you?" asked the chairman.

"No; but it only just missed my head," she replied.

The Chairman: Well, who threw it at you?

Applicant blushed, and stammeringly replied:

"I—I—I hardly like to tell you, sir."

At this point the clerk asked if the brick was thrown after a certain wedding, which took place the day before.

Applicant looked intensely surprised, but answered: "Y—ye—yes, sir."

Then the clerk whispered to the chairman, and that gentleman smilingly turned to the young woman, saying: "I am sure you don't want a summons. Go home, and make it up with him. It will be much better."

This kindly advice put the young woman into smiles, and with the remarks, "Yes, sir, I think it will be better, after all," she slipped lightly from the court, carrying her brick with her.

PAYING THE LAST DEBT.

Brothers Stratton Pass by Flower-Garden on Way to the Scaffold.

The Deptford "masked murderers"—Alfred and Albert Stratton—were executed yesterday morning within the precincts of Wandsworth Gaol.

To the public the only announcement was a formal notice posted at the gates of the gaol. There was no black flag, no tolling of the prison bell.

Although both men slept comparatively well and were attentive to the words of the chaplain, who visited them after breakfast, they showed some excitement as their doom approached.

During their journey to the scaffold they passed a bloom-filled garden, and Alfred cast one last look at the flowers, but Albert never raised his eyes. "Alfred, has God forgiven you?" asked the latter as they neared the gallows, but the wretched man addressed mumbled a reply that could not be heard. In a few minutes both were dead.

A sensational report is that Alfred made a dash for liberty on Sunday, and, on being recaptured, said he intended to throw himself from the prison walls.

"THE COUNTRY-SIDE"

The second number of "The Country-Side"—the brilliantly-successful natural history paper edited by Mr. E. Kay Robinson—is published to-day, and is on sale at all bookstalls and newsagents.

The remarkable success achieved last week by the first number abundantly proves that "The Country-Side" fills a distinct gap in periodical literature. It deals with open-air life in all its forms.

"The Country-Side" is published every Wednesday at the price of one penny; but, owing to the great demand for copies, an order should be placed with the newsagent for its regular delivery.

ALLEGED TRAFFIC IN PASSPORTS.

Russia's Protest Ends in Sensational
Case at Bow Street.

STRANGE EVIDENCE.

"This case is regarded as being of the greatest public importance, for the traffic in passports may, under certain circumstances, affect the relations between two countries."

Sir Edward Carson, the Solicitor-General, made this grave statement at Bow-street Police Court yesterday when opening the case against Mr. H. N. Brailsford, a journalist, of Well-walk, Hampstead, and Mr. H. A. M. McCulloch, an actor, of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Manchester.

These two defendants were summoned for having unlawfully conspired to obtain a passport from the Foreign Office by falsely stating that it was intended to be used by one of them for travelling in Russia, whereas it was intended to be used by some other person. After having pointed out the gravity of the offence, the Solicitor-General proceeded to tell the dramatic history of the passport in question.

History of This Passport.

Mr. Brailsford, he said, had gone to Mr. Bertram Christian, a barrister friend, of the Temple Gardens, the Temple, in October last, and asked him to sign the verification form which must accompany applications for passports. Such verification forms have to be signed by a magistrate, doctor, or barrister, and Mr. Christian, on the strength of Mr. Brailsford's assertion that the passport was wanted by Mr. McCulloch, a Scotch friend of his, who was going to Russia, signed the form. This was sent to the Foreign Office, and in due course the passport was issued.

It was issued in accordance with the regulations at the Russian Consulate in London during November last, and then nothing more was heard of it until it was found on the body of a man, apparently a revolutionary, who was blown to pieces by a bomb in the Hotel Bristol, St. Petersburg, in March of this year.

As the dead man was obviously not "Arthur McCulloch, a British subject," as the passport described him, the Russian Government made representations to his Majesty's Government, which resulted in the Foreign Office having inquiries made.

Wrote to Scotland Yard.

Mr. Brailsford evidently heard of these proceedings, for on March 17 he wrote to Detective-Inspector McCarthy at Scotland Yard:—

"I hear you are investigating the affair of the McCulloch, Hawley, and Culloch passports (the two latter passports have nothing to do with this case). These were all obtained by me, and the three gentlemen had no knowledge of what became of them, nor of the use for which they were destined. Should you desire further information it is at your disposal. I shall be at home between 11.30 and 12.30 to-morrow."

Detective-Inspector McCarthy called upon Mr. Brailsford, who told him that he had received a request for passports from a man on the Continent connected with the Russian revolutionary movement. He had agreed to comply with the request on the distinct understanding that they would only be used for peaceful propaganda—for the introducing into Russia of literature such as was permitted in England.

Commenting upon this statement, the Solicitor-General said that while he accepted it without reserve, he could not conceive of a more dangerous method of assisting the revolutionary movement. He thought that a gentleman of Mr. Brailsford's intelligence must see the risk.

Evidence in Russian.

Witnesses examined by Mr. Bodkin, who assisted the Solicitor-General, then told the history of the passport. A clerk employed by Messrs. Cook, the tourist agents, had given out the application forms. Mr. Christian, the barrister who said he had known Mr. Brailsford for eight years and considered him of the highest character, explained how he signed the verification forms.

The issuing and use of the passport were proved, and then Nikolai Stepanoff, the manager of the Hotel Bristol, St. Petersburg, told, in his native language, of the arrival of the man who bore the passport at his hotel.

Speaking in Russian, which was translated, he said the man was of medium height and undistinguished appearance. He spoke broken Russian.

He stayed in the hotel for a month, and then came the explosion. "I went to his room, and on his body, which was in pieces, we found the pocket-book with this passport," said the witness, examining the document handed him by the Solicitor-General.

Other evidence having shown that the man carrying the passport had apparently been travelling with it in various parts of Russia—in Warsaw, Odessa, and other towns—the case was adjourned for a fortnight.

HIS FRIEND'S WIFE.

Trusting Husband Betrayed by an Old
Friend and Schoolmate.

An injured husband, whose trust in his schoolmate and lifelong friend was sadly misplaced, was yesterday granted a decree nisi by Mr. Justice Bagnave Deane.

Mr. Christopher Faussett Gibson, the trusting husband, was a chemist's assistant at Exeter, and gladly welcomed the suggestion that his friend, Mr. Geoffrey Owen Laurance, should pay him a visit there.

Mr. Laurance stayed for seven weeks, and at the end of that time Mrs. Gibson left, ostensibly to visit her mother at Reading.

A week later Mr. Laurance vanished, choosing a time when his host was absent at business. He took with him a portion of Mr. Gibson's wardrobe.

It proved that he had taken Mrs. Gibson away to America.

Later he wrote to Mr. Gibson in the following terms:—

Dear Chris.—Perhaps I am the last man on this earth you may care to hear from. It worries me to think how deeply I have wronged you. Is there anything on this earth I can do to make a reconciliation between us? You and I have always been the best of friends—in fact, more like brothers—and I tell you it worries my heart out to think of the awful crime I am guilty of.

At the same time Mrs. Gibson wrote, asking forgiveness, and added: "If I had only stopped to consider instead of acting on impulse this never would have happened."

DOUBTS OF A DETECTIVE.

Accused Man Saved by Change of Mind at
Last Moment.

In a curious case of doubtful identity at Blackpool yesterday a prisoner named John Nelson obtained the benefit of the doubt.

Nelson pleaded guilty to the theft of copper from the promenade, and an appeal for leniency was backed by the statement that the man had a clean record.

The Blackpool police, however, stated that Nelson had been previously convicted at Bury. This the man stubbornly denied, and he was therefore remanded for the evidence of the Bury police.

Yesterday Detective-Inspector Grogan, of Bury, identified the man, but almost immediately changed his mind, and refused to swear to him.

In fining Nelson for the theft of copper the magistrate expressed regret that the statement had ever been made.

GAME OF PROVERBS.

Magistrate's Son Who Claims To Have Won
a Bicycle Competition.

The proverbs case seems interminable. At Worship-street Police Court, yesterday, a man asked Mr. Cluer what he should do "as to Symonds's Stores, City-road?"

Mr. Cluer: I really don't know. There are a good many actions pending, I believe. Is yours a matter of a bicycle?

Applicant: Yes. I received the printed statement, which said that on filling up correctly the blanks in certain proverbs, I would be entitled to a 10-guinea Rudge-Whitworth bicycle. Having sent half a crown I was informed that I was a winner."

The magistrate advised the applicant to await the result of the case now before the county court. Mr. Cluer added that a son of his own, aged thirteen, was in the same position.

"When I went to the stores," said the applicant, "to show that I was right, I got thrown out."

12,000 LOVERS.

Remarkable Marriage Record Claimed by a
Matrimonial Agent.

Mr. Marsham at Bow-street yesterday committed for trial Charles Thomas Neale, a middle-aged man of no occupation, living at Chestnut House, Orston, near Bingham, Notts.

The charge against him, which has been investigated at several magisterial sittings, is that he demanded money by menaces from Mr. Critchell Charlesworth, proprietor of the "Matrimonial Post" newspaper.

Mr. His (for the prosecution) to Mr. Charlesworth: Is there any truth in the account that this business of yours is anything but a genuine business carried on perfectly honestly?

Mr. Charlesworth: Well, I have brought some 12,000 people together, if that is anything.

There will shortly be unveiled in Camberwell Art Gallery a memorial to the Camberwell Volunteers who fell in the South African war.

FIRE HEROINES.

Wives and Daughters Play the Role of
Gallant Rescuers.

The women of Pontfaen, like their famous sisters of Mumbles Head, have proved that they can deal with danger in the absence of the men.

The latter fought the waves; yesterday the former fought the flames and saved life.

Pontfaen is near Chirk, and it was after the men had gone to the mines that a fire broke out in the house of Henry Williams.

On the alarm the women of the place, many of them in their nightdresses, rushed to the spot and speedily commenced the work of rescuing Mr. Williams's niece—the only occupant at that time of the house, which was in flames.

Ladders were unobtainable, but the plucky women managed to reach the bedroom, from which the girl was dragged by Mrs. Harriet Edwards, a lady whose ample frame was but scantily attired. The niece was unconscious at the time of rescue, and unquestionably would have perished but for the prompt action of the plucky women.

The Quinta Brigade arrived on the scene, but several hours elapsed before the fire was quelled.

Mr. Williams's house was destroyed, and all his life's savings have gone, save a package of sovereigns found under a pile of rubbish. The unfortunate miner is half demented by his loss, and great sympathy is felt with him.

PAUPER POOH-BAH.

Man Who Has Played Many Parts Finds
Stone-Breaking Uncongenial.

A voluble Birmingham man, named John Sale, yesterday told the Brentford magistrates why he refused to break stones in the Isleworth Workhouse.

"My hands are too delicate, sir, and my eyesight is very weak. My doctor told me to take great care of my health, and it would be absurd if I were to wear myself out by striking blindly at a stone and missing it five times out of six."

The Magistrate: What are you?

Sale: Well, I am described as a labourer now, but I have been a waiter in a restaurant, a clerk, an omnibus driver, a gentleman farmer in Essex, a farm labourer in Sussex, manager to a firm of builders, a carpenter, and a few other things. (Laughter.)

The Magistrate: Well, if you can do all these things you can do hard labour. Seven days.

GENEROUS LOVER.

"Poor" Costermonger Who Gives His
Sweetheart £100 Engagement Ring.

In one sense a costermonger's sweetheart occupies an enviable position among women. It is not many girls, even in the more prosperous middle class, who receive a ring worth £100 to seal the engagement.

Generosity of this kind was attributed to a humble costermonger who appeared at Shoreditch County Court yesterday.

Judge Smyly, K.C., asked what evidence there was of the debtor's means.

Plaintiff: He's got plenty of money. He gave his sweetheart a ring on his engagement to her that cost him £100.

His Honour: That is no evidence of means. He hasn't got that now. (Laughter.)

Plaintiff: But he's got plenty more.

His Honour: I hardly think he will have it long if he goes on like it.

A committal order was made.

MYSTERY OF THE RAIL.

Young Draper's Assistant, Found with Serious
Wounds, Exonerates Her Companion.

A remarkable railway mystery is engaging the attention of the Glasgow police.

When the 6.30 evening train from Gourack arrived at Glasgow on Monday night a girl, who gave the name of Emma Allison, and said she was a draper's assistant, was found to be bleeding from wounds in her throat and on her hands.

She had been travelling with Francis Revie, a young man, on whom a blood-stained razor-case was found, but declared that she was entirely to blame for the affair.

Revie was arrested, and yesterday remanded.

It is believed that the girl's name is Graham, and that her parents live at Falkirk.

£100 FOR TWO FINGER-TIPS.

In the case of Jones v. Franklin, in the Shoreditch County Court, yesterday, a claim was made for the loss of the tips of two fingers, which had been taken off by a cutting machine. His Honour Judge Smyly, K.C., awarded £100.

KEEPING THE CRICKET "ASHES."

The Test Matches—Who Will Win?
—Some Selections.

YESTERDAY'S CENTURIES.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

Shall we win the first Test match? Will it be a draw? Will the Australians win? These three queries are on everybody's lips at the moment, and none can answer them.

It means much, this first game. A victory to either side might mean the rubber, for we can quite look forward to two-fifths at least of the battles-being drawn. The early match, and the last, which will be played to a finish, are the most likely to decide the issue.

Just at the moment there are, fortunately, plenty of batsmen right at the top of their form. And our bowlers against ordinary sides are doing well, if the number of matches which have been fought out to a finish be taken into consideration.

Lancashire seem to be able to win most of their matches in two days, and they might have done it again yesterday against Worcestershire had they made them follow on instead of going in again themselves.

Battling To Retain the "Ashes."

But the Australians are not an ordinary side, and although our bowling must be good it must not weaken the batting, which will have to retain the "Ashes" if the urn containing the international trophy is to stop in this country. Bowl our trundlers never so well, I would give the "Constalks" an average of 300 per innings.

So Fry, Jones, Haywood, Hirst, and company must be our mainstay until we have won the first game of the series, and it will be folly to leave either Brand or Bosanquet out of the team. History has a wonderful knack of repeating itself in these matters.

But I am presuming in dictating to three such judges of the game as Lord Hawke, Mr. J. A. Dixon, and P. F. Warner. In their hands the selection of the English team is perfectly safe. Where are better judges? They have taken part in too many hard games not to appreciate the difficulties of the situation, but during the last week or two they must have had many anxious moments. And now they have the counsel of F. S. Jackson to help them. He is a born leader of men, and it is worth something to the old country that Jackson, with his luck and cheery confidence, will have charge of the battles on the field.

Godsell's Patient Innings.

Congratulations to McGehey, Killick, and Lord Dunsany, who hit up the "coveted" yesterday. Godsell, who carried his bat through the Gloucester innings for 98 out of 269, was unlucky, but he was like Patience on a monument, and with a little vigour at the right moment might have nearly doubled his score. Still, we can't all be Jessops.

Hayes, too, was unlucky. He was bowled round his legs by one of Quail's leg breaks.

The Australians had all the better of the day's play against Yorkshire. How will they fare this week-end against the Lancashire bowlers?

F. B. WILSON.

Scores and further details of yesterday's cricket will be found on page 14.

HUMOURS OF DEBT.

Light Side of Impenitency Revealed in the
County Court.

Caustic comments by Deputy-Judge Edge enlivened a number of debt cases heard at the Wood Green County Court yesterday.

Of one absent debtor a plaintiff said: "He is in a very good way of business as an undertaker."

"He does not complain of slackness of trade," retorted the Judge, "ten days."

"You must be just before you are generous," his Honour told a debtor who pleaded that he had to help his sister-in-law. "You ought not to be helping relatives whilst you are in debt."

Another debtor indulged in a broad smile on finding that no one appeared against him.

"You had better go—and quick," was the advice tendered from the Bench.

CONVICT BANKRUPT.

The bankrupt, Anthony Stanley Rowe, formerly mining engineer, of Cophall-avenue, E.C., who is now undergoing ten years' penal servitude in connection with the Great Fingall frauds, was brought up yesterday at the London Bankruptcy Court in custody.

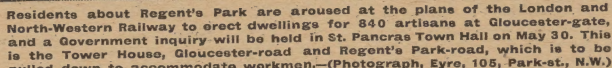
His statement of affairs shows total liabilities £160,533 8s. 9d., of which £105,287 8s. 8d. are expected to rank, and assets estimated at £16,324 1s. 4d.

CHAMPION CUEIST
STEADILY LOSES.

Stevenson Steadily Gaining Ground on His Veteran Opponent.

ROBERTS OUTPLAYED.

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NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:-
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1905

WHY DO LOVERS QUARREL?

Why is it that a man and woman who are really in love so often make each other's life a burden by perpetual quarrels?

The case just ended, in which a man sought damages for breach of promise, showed us a striking instance of this. The man and the girl concerned used to quarrel constantly and then write in the most affectionate terms to say they didn't mean what they said!

Perhaps you will declare they were merely silly young people who did not know their own minds. That is dismissing the matter too lightly. There are thousands of engaged and married couples in similar case. They cannot all be classed as feather-heads.

The fact is that with some temperaments a constant readiness to take offence is a sign of real affection. Love makes the owners of such temperaments sensitive to a painful degree. They are always on the look-out for something to resent.

They imagine all the time that they are on the point of being slighted. They never believe their affection is properly returned. Therefore they find causes of resentment in the most harmless words or actions, of which in anyone else they would take no notice at all.

The more deeply they are in love, the more does this unhappy tendency affect them. It is only, as a rule, when their passion cools that they cease to torment themselves (and others) by stirring up strife in this gratuitous way.

With partners of an opposite temper they may get on well enough. They are laughed out of their failing, or shamed out of it by kindness. But put two such temperaments together, and the result is certain misery, unless, indeed, either or both have the strength of mind to overcome this fault of character. Quarrelling is not always a sign of want of love; it often means that there is too much.

AN OBVIOUS MORAL.

The real lesson of the disturbance in the House of Commons is that it is high time for a general election. Nothing further can be expected from this Parliament except squabbles of this undignified kind.

Nothing interests it except personal questions, and the two parties have got on one another's nerves so badly that they cannot discuss these questions with any show of decency or good temper.

The point upon which the hour's uproar arose was one of no importance to the national interests. It was purely factious of the Opposition to make a fuss about it, and it was purely unreasonable of the Ministerialists to let the row continue while the House had to be adjourned.

As far as the bad behaviour went, there was nothing to choose between the two parties. They yelled at one another like a pack of schoolboys at a football match. No restraint or common-sense was shown on either side. The reputation of the Mother of Parliaments lay for a solid hour in the mud.

What must the Colonies think of it? We talk about drawing closer the bonds of union. They will care about closer union with a country which allows party warfare to outweigh national welfare, and entrusts its government to an Assembly that behaves like the Zoological Gardens broken loose?

A general election would clear the air. Only a good running stand-up fight in the country will get rid of the bad blood that makes the proceedings at Westminster disgraceful whenever they are not merely dull.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is curious that on coming out of a sickroom, where one has been pent some time, the objects that present themselves have a very questionable and spectral appearance—the people in the street resemble flies crawling about and seem scarce half alive. It is we who are just risen from a torpid and unwholesome state, and who impart our imperfect feelings of existence, health, and motion to others.—*William Hazlitt* (1778-1830).

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE great social event of last night was Princess Henry of Battenberg's dance, given at Kensington Palace. The dance was comparatively a small one, but went off most successfully. The music was worthy of the most musical of English princesses, and nothing could have been more delightful, in the way of a setting, than Kensington Palace in the midst of the quiet gardens, with its large, airy rooms leading out of one another. It is a place full of memories for Princess Beatrice, as Queen Victoria's favourite daughter is always called by her friends.

Seldom does a London season pass nowadays without a visit from at least one foreign potentate. This year any number are coming to make the streets gay with royal carriages. Amongst others, the Khedive of Egypt, Abbas II., who leaves Cairo to-morrow, on his way to attend the wedding of Princess Margaret of Connaught. Abbas II. is half Westernised, in spite of the fact that he is a strict Mohammedan, and he has introduced Western manners into the Court of Egypt. He rises

like his great ancestor and with standing like him—arms folded and head bowed. If you call at his house his secretary will show you several portraits of him in that attitude, as well as all the other Napoleonic treasures there. If you confess yourself an Englishman, however, you might not be well received. No Napoleon has ever left England.

Londoners who care for acting must make a point of seeing Eleonora Duse, during this season, of hers at the Waldorf, which began so brilliantly last night, because the great actress is always on the point of retiring, and may possibly come to England no more. She has had an even more wearying career than most famous players. As a little girl she wandered all over Italy, playing in tiny theatres or in the open air on roughly-constructed platforms, before half-savage and wholly-illiterate audiences. Her only friend in the company was her mother, for her father died when she was still an infant. The other actors used to urge her to work more, and always more, in order that more and more money might be made.

Sometimes they stood in the wings, and as the poor girl, only half understanding the terrors and

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE KING'S UNIFORM.

Indeed, we do not forget the grand work "Tommy" has done abroad. But neither can I forget the vile language some girl friends and myself had addressed to us when passing through a camp of Dragoons last Whitsuntide. ASHAMED. Alfreton.

BUTCHERY OR SPORT?

A Bill was introduced this session to put down the so-called "sports" which your leading article very properly condemns.

It is called the Prevention of Cruelty to Wild Animals, otherwise the "Spurious Sports," Bill. It was talked out on May 18.

This House of Commons can always find time for schoolboy "scenes," but it never has leisure to pass useful measures which are generally approved.

Sanderstead. H. M. HEWITT.

"WHAT BECOMES OF OLD HORSES?"

Not only does Belgium consume horseflesh, but Germany and France also. Unless one visits the finest restaurants in Paris he is bound to partake of horsemeat, under the impression that he is eating beef. It is a fastidious idea that horsemeat is uneatable.

If one cannot tell the difference between the two meats, they must be equally good. I have lived in Paris for a number of years, and I prefer a good piece of horseflesh any day to a piece of American beef that has been frozen.

ONE WHO HAS TRIED BOTH.

BLOTS ON A FAIR SCENE.

I would like to ask your correspondent Vaughan Herbert if he has ever wondered, also, how it is that "never-works" (as he terms the poor creatures he saw on the Thames Embankment) exist?

Did he read the excellent article in Saturday's *Daily Mirror* on "A Dog with a Bad Name"? If not, I invite his attention to it, and he might follow it up with a perusal of "Britain for the British," of any bookseller.

He might then think more compassionately of the more unfortunate of our brethren.

Turo-road, Liverpool. J. GASKILL.

"A DOG WITH A BAD NAME."

You speak of Socialism as aiming at the improvement of society. But if by Socialism you mean certain philanthropic schemes for ameliorating the condition of the people, you do not define the term in the sense used by Socialists themselves.

Socialism means collectivism—the robbery of the upper and middle classes, and throwing their money into a common fund. It means crushing private enterprise in favour of municipal trading in every branch; it means the tyranny of the mob.

Before Socialism becomes an established system, there must be internecine warfare, for the thrifty and self-reliant are not prepared to see their property confiscated to feed and clothe the lazy and dissolute.

Brighton. H. A. BULLLEY.

MARRIAGE A CONTRACT OR A SACRAMENT.

The only two "sacraments" in the Church of England are baptism and the Supper of our Lord, but marriage is held to be "an honourable estate instituted by God," signifying the union of Christ and His Church, and as such is looked upon as indissoluble except by death. Divorce is not sanctioned by the Church of England.

CHURCHMAN.

Allow me, as a Catholic, to answer "Perplexed." Marriage—that is, the joining together of two persons, either at a registry office or in some other duly-licensed building—is one thing, and being made by the law of man can, of course, be dissolved by the Law Courts.

Holy matrimony is a sacrament of the Church, blessed by the Church—quite another thing—which "no man can put asunder"; and this is the reason why Roman Catholics do not figure in the Divorce Court.

Enfield, Middlesex. E. B. L.

"Is marriage a civil contract or a Divine sacrament?" Amazing question! Neither. There are two sacraments only—baptism and the Lord's Supper. See Article 25, and works of Bishops Jewell, Burnet, and Beveridge.

Marriage is a Divine ordinance, a union for life. But, when the marriage vow is broken, then, and then only, divorce is lawful. See Matt. xix, 3, 9; and the clergy should set themselves against the remarriage of the innocent partner.

Emsworth, Hants. CHURCHWOMAN.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 23.—The protracted wind from the northeast has rather shrivelled some of the leaves on the roses. The June display will probably suffer, but we must hope that autumn will give us all the finer flowers.

White flowers are always welcome in the garden. Following the snowdrops, the single and double rock-roses, we now have the perennial candytuft (a dazzling picture), mountain sandwort, and pheasant's eye narcissi.

The Deutzia, with its snow-white flowers in terminal bouquets, is also out; while white lilacs and may-trees will scent the air before long.

An Oriental poppy had burst last night. Its scarlet flare attracts one's attention directly the garden-door is opened.

E. F. T.

WESTMINSTER BEAR-GARDEN—WHAT THE COLONIES THINK.



early, works hard, and drinks only pure water, which habit, I am afraid, he has not learnt from the West.

Of course, the scene in the House of Commons was much talked about yesterday wherever people were gathered together—in clubs, at luncheon and dinner parties, and wherever they went after dinner. The general opinion of it was expressed by a half-contemptuous, half-indifferent shrug of the shoulders. No one is interested in the House of Commons nowadays. Scarcely anyone retains any respect for it. Politics is looked upon as a rather dull game, only cultivated now and then by such childish excitements as this.

One wonders, now that Prince Victor Napoleon has given up the idea of marrying the daughter of the King of the Belgians, whether he ever seriously entertained it. Prince Victor is too fond of his leisure and his peaceful life as the principal relic in a kind of Napoleonic museum in Brussels to suffer persecution for a wife. There, in a delightful house in the aristocratic Avenue Louise, the Prince, who is always supposed to be plotting to become Napoleon VI., sits and cultivates a resemblance to the first Emperor of the name.

Every now and again the French police, in a state of feverish excitement, discover some letters, vaguely supposed to emanate from Brussels, containing plans to attack the Elysée and the powers that be in France. The Prince probably has nothing to do with them. He is content with look-

passions she had to represent, seemed often listless and fatigued, they used to whisper to her to scream louder and make a better show of it. One day, when Duse was fourteen, the age of Juliet, the whole vagabond company arrived at Verona, the city of Juliet. There, playing the part of Shakespeare's heroine in the amphitheatre of the beautiful medieval town, Duse's genius was first clearly revealed to the world. She played Juliet as the Italians had never seen her played, and at the end the crowd in the amphitheatre stood up and rent the air with their delighted cheers.

None of the blows which have descended upon the unfortunate Government have been more determined than those administered by Mr. Dillon. Mr. Dillon is surprisingly active in debate, in spite of his delicate appearance and his air of settled gloom. Once in America, after a platform meeting held with Parnell, the chairman congratulated him in these terms: "Mr. Dillon, when I heard Parnell, I said, 'There is an aristocrat, who knows nothing of suffering'; but when you got up I wept and said: 'There is a man who has known hunger. He has hunger in his face!'"

Dancing, according to an amusing paragraph I have been reading in a provincial newspaper, is very much out of favour with the present generation of young men. The latest craze with them is to escape from the hot ball-room to walk up and down, arm-in-arm, smoking outside the house where the dance is being given. I have not observed this remarkable phenomenon during the last few weeks.

ALL THE NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS

BAD FIRE IN MR. C. H. B. LEONARD'S PALACE.



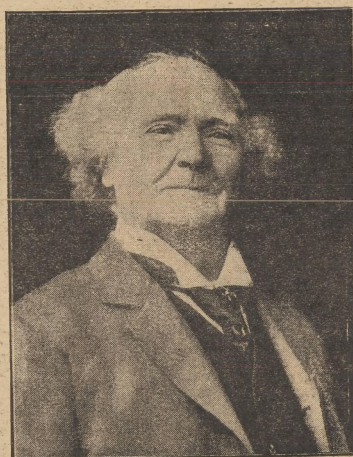
The ballroom in the South African millionaire's residence in Kensington Palace-gardens and the billiard-room after the conflagration, in which the women servants, in their night attire, narrowly escaped death.

WRECK CAUSED BY A BOILER EXPLOSION.



At the Kinson pottery, Parkstone, a boiler cap weighing three and a half tons (marked with a cross) was blown sixty yards, doing damage to the amount of £2,000.

A VETERAN "POLONIUS."



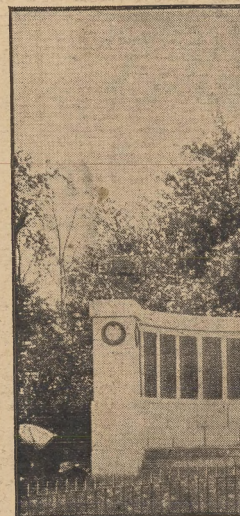
Mr. Fred Wright, eighty years old, who appears in 'Mr. Martin Harvey's production of Hamlet.'

CONVERT



Photographs of Father Bernard, whom he has recently made a convert.

ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL



In the Stanhope lines, Aldershot, has inspected the lines.

"MR. GRASS"



Pottery heads in which grass is growing, as in the production of 'Mr. Martin Harvey's production of Hamlet.'

INTERESTING NEWS PICTURES.

OLICISM.



ance, Countess de la Warr,
Catholic Church.—(Lafayette

WAR MEMORIAL.



day by King Edward, after he
the field.

RESTORER."



g a lawn on the mantelpiece.
taking."

TERRORISM IN RUSSIA.



Just after the bomb outrage, in Warsaw. Colonel Korniloff, both
of whose legs were shattered, and his coachman, who lost an arm,
being carried from the scene of the explosion.

MR. FREDERICK WOOD,



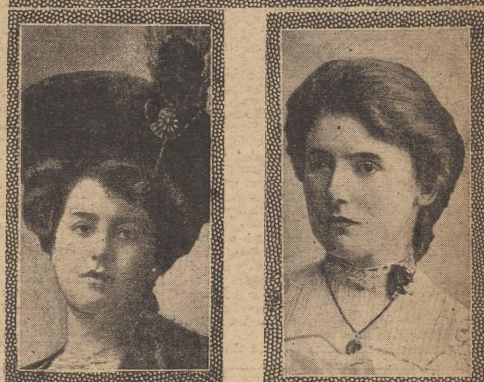
Superintendent of the Mercantile Marine Office in London and
president of the Sylvan Debating Club, which holds its annual
dinner at Long's Hotel to-night.

BEAUTIFIED BY AIR PUMP.



A process by which it is claimed wrinkles can
be done away with by suction.

PRETTY GIRL COMPETITION.



Prize-winners in the "Tatler" competition, as adjudicated by Mr.
Frampton, R.A., and Mr. Solomon, A.R.A. Top photograph, Miss
M. Trevor, of Ascot Heath, first prize; Miss Lucy H. Hutchinson,
Gorey, Ireland (below on the right), second prize; and Miss Maud
Aubrey Masters, of Hampstead, N.W. (below on the left), third
prize. Groups of children will be the next competition.

COUNT LAMBERT'S COMIC MOTOR-BOAT.



"Called a 'hydroplane.' Not very comfortable looking. Has a 12-h.p. engine
and a claimed speed of twenty-two miles an hour."

NEW FACTS ABOUT SPOTTED FEVER.

The Mysterious Disease Which Has Now Appeared in an English Village.

"There has been a great deal of talk lately about 'spotted fever,' the new epidemic. We have heard that it has been rampant in New York, that 150 deaths were recorded in one week, that houses were isolated and domiciliary visits paid by the medical authorities.

Then the mysterious disease was reported in Germany, Russia, and Poland; now four deaths are reported in the village of Irlthorpe, Northamptonshire.

It is not really a new disease, for it has been known for a hundred years, but this latest outbreak is so serious that it has come into greater prominence than it ever had before.

The chief trouble about the disease is that no one knows what causes it. Even the question whether it is infectious or not is open to discussion, and if not infectious what is the predisposing condition? What is known is what happens to the unlucky victim, and the germ which is present in cases of the disease.

Scientifically, 'spotted fever' is 'cerebro-spinal meningitis,' a disease of the covering of the brain and spinal cord.

The symptoms of the disease need no scientific terms for description. Its onset is almost invariably acute. In the more severe cases the patient, when apparently in vigorous health, is suddenly attacked by faintness, vomiting, and the most agonising pain at the back of the head and neck. The pain increases, and spreads down the back. The head is drawn back as though by terrible cramp until it is almost at right angles with the spine. Even the spine itself is arched in some cases till the patient is bent like a bow from heels to head.

THE FATAL SPOTS.

The spots from which the disease takes its popular name are not always present. When they are they differ very much. Purple patches form in some cases and may even spread to cover the whole body. In others they are small and hard spots like shot under the skin.

Two facts which do not conduce to the comfort of nervous people are that medical men are not yet decided how to treat spotted fever and that the mortality is alarmingly high—about forty per cent.

The most customary treatment is to draw off the diseased matter from the brain and spine and give opium for the fearful pain. Other methods are the application of mustard plasters, of ice, and of almost boiling the patient alive in hot baths. But since the mortality is so high, obviously none of these are much use.

A few of the puzzling facts about it are that it attacks children and young adults much more frequently than grown people. It seldom occurs after thirty-five, and is rare after forty.

It prevails more in cold than warm seasons and climates, whence the suggestion that the present sun-spots have something to do with the outbreak by retarding the warm weather.

Excessive fatigue seems to increase the liability

to spotted fever. It has arisen after a long day's hunting, foot-racing, long walks, dancing, or in children exhausted by outdoor play.

The micro-organism with the long name is found in the discharge from the nose, so it is possibly spread by spitting, or the dried secretion on pocket-handkerchiefs.

One of the worst things about it is that it frequently leaves permanent complications. Blindness is the most common. Strangely enough, the right eye is usually affected.

One grain of comfort is that the disease in its epidemic form is unknown in England. It has been epidemic in Ireland and in France, but, so far, Great Britain has escaped.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Witty Paragraphs From Europe and America.

"Going to the theatre again? But you've seen the piece."

"Yes, but not in my new frock."—"Journal Amusant" (French).

"What made you become an aeronaut?"

"Are you married?"

"No."

"I thought not, or you would not have asked such a silly question."—"Meggendorfer Blätter."

"You can't imagine," said the musical young woman, "how distressing it is when a singer realises that she has lost her voice."

"Perhaps not," replied the plain man; "but I've got a fair idea how distressing it is when she doesn't realise it."—"Catholic Standard" (American).

Young Doctor: Did you ever make a mistake in a diagnosis?

Old Doctor: Yes. A shabby old fellow came into my office one day, and after I told him he had only a stomach-ache, and charged him two dollars, I found out he was rich enough to have had appendicitis."—"Zoophilist."

Kelly: Phwat are ye on strike for?

Kerrigan: Shorter hours.

Kelly: But ye wor only wurrukin' eight hours a day.

Kerrigan: But they wor sixty-minute hours—we're strikin' for fifty-five-minute wans—"Puck" (American).

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY. By Henry Newbolt. Chatto and Windus. 1s. A reprint of a brightly-told tale around the exiled Napoleon.

RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS. By Pearce Morrison. The author, a member of the "romantic" school of London in the last fifty years, and of very interesting reading it makes.

THE BOOK OF PHOTOGRAPHY. Edited by Paul N. Hasluck. Cassell. 10s. 6d. Full of practical, theoretical, and applied information. Contains in one work all that is necessary to turn the veriest amateur into a full-fledged professor. Touches everything from the history of photography to 35 rays and colour work.

ERNEST RENAN. By William Barry, D.D. "Literary Lives" series. Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d. A life and a famous people written by a Roman Catholic priest and issued by a Nonconformist firm of publishers. Tells clearly and as sympathetically as one can expect—the story of the Breton peasant-boy who became France's greatest scholar and man of letters.

Merrick laughed.

"You needn't fear him, Dolores—he was a poor weak, drunken fool."

"There was something horrible about him—his voice, his eyes—don't go back," she repeated. But before Merrick could reply Lyndal Maybrick came across the lawn and joined them.

"I'm afraid the coffee is quite cold," she smiled.

"And I'm afraid I've behaved very rudely," Dolores replied, "but the garden, the roses, the nightingale must be my excuse."

"And Arthur," Lyndal whispered.

Dolores didn't reply; the two women walked down the drive together silently. At the gate Dolores held out her hand and said, good-night.

"Good-night," Lyndal replied. Then, keeping the other woman's hand in hers, she said, almost in a whisper: "Arthur told me—I'm so sorry for you both, but I hope one day it will all come out happily."

"I feel—like a thief," Dolores said, with a funny little laugh. "I wonder you don't hate me." Then, as the sound of the carriage wheels approached, she bent forward impulsively and kissed Lyndal.

As the latter entered the house she met Merrick leaving it, a heavy whip in his hand.

"Where are you going?" she smiled, trying to hide her embarrassment, for her eyes were still wet, and Dolores's words still echoed in her heart. "You're not riding to-night—a trial in the dark?"

"I found a drunken fellow hiding in the ditch at the bottom of the garden," he replied lightly; "I'm just going down to see whether he's cleared off or not."

Lyndal put her hand on his arm.

"Take care, dear, won't you?" the little word of endearment fell from her lips unconsciously, instinctively. "Don't do anything rash."

"I shan't hurt him—much," he laughed. He was turning away when a sudden thought stopped him. He had given very few thoughts to Lyndal Maybrick since his return—since he had loved Dolores. It suddenly struck him that perhaps his manner

SCHOOLBOYS OR M.P.s?

Sidelights on the 60 Minutes' Uproar in the House of Commons.

While the leader of the Opposition was calling attention to Mr. Balfour's change of attitude as regards next year's Colonial Conference, the Prime Minister listened to Sir Henry with his feet up horizontally against the table, and his head well back against the cushion of his seat, in best cosy-corner fashion.

When Sir Henry sat down Mr. Lyttelton rose. But no sooner did the Colonial Secretary open his mouth than a wild scream, as if a menagerie had been let loose, broke over the House.

Mr. Lyttelton, standing at the table like a statue; the Opposition yelling like a pack of wolves. This was the programme for the next ten minutes. In raucous strains from the Nationalists, and in a piping treble from Sir Wilfrid Lawson, came the one monotonous parrot-cries, "Balfour!"

Mr. Ellis, rising to ask whether there was any precedent for a Prime Minister whose honour had been called in question not rising at once to reply, made his point heard by dint of shouting like a man giving his views across a ten-acre field.

When Mr. Winston Churchill rose to speak, he received a unique welcome—a solid wall of groans being raised against him. Every moment he opened his mouth a loud bellow of "No!" "Sit down!" and "Shut up!" came from the Ministerials.

Some of the cries heard amid the uproar: "Send for the Horse Guards," "Send for the Royal Irish Constabulary," "Send for the police."

The Colonial Secretary's appearance at the table the second time—for his second innings—was greeted with shouts of "All out, captain," and many another playful allusion to the noble and national game.

Even after the babel had continued for a full half an hour, Mr. Balfour still regarded the whole proceedings good-humouredly. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

At last Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman rose. When he referred to Mr. Balfour as "the sole cause for any disorder" the yell which followed made one think of explosions and earthquakes.

After the deafening din had lessened a little Mr. Balfour, says one observer, was seen to weep. Another account of the scene, however, declares that he laughed.

Upon the Opposition leader appealing to the Ministerial Party to preserve silence, he was immediately met with cries of "Appeal to your own lot!" "It's damned bad manners on your side!" shouted some excited person, while another member assumed the leader of the Opposition that he ought to be ashamed of himself.

The final performance before the adjournment "for grave disorder" was a long, loud, and sturdy chorus of "Long, Long, Long; Moore, Moore, Moore; Bull, Bull, Bull." It seemed as though the names of half the House were going to be used for choral purposes.

had changed towards her—but hers had not changed towards him; not perceptibly at any rate.

She had considered him in every way, sympathised with him, made things easy for him.

He held her hand again.

"Good night, little sister," he said; "you've behaved like a—like a brick."

"I haven't done anything."

She tried to release her hand; she could not bear his touch, even his sympathy hurt far more than his indifference.

"Do you like her?" he asked slowly. "Tell me the truth, Lyn."

"We always tell each other the truth, don't we?" she laughed. "I'm afraid I couldn't even tell polite white lies to you. Yes, I do like her—but—"

"But what?"

There was no resentment in his sharp, quick remark. It was something nearer fear.

"But I feel she is scarcely happy, naturally, and there is something mysterious about her, dear, something I don't understand. I fear she won't bring happiness to you."

"Oh, I'm all right," he replied huskily. "Don't worry about me. I'm glad that you like her. And," he added with boyish enthusiasm, "and she is beautiful, isn't she?"

"Very beautiful! Good night, dear old boy."

The paper has gone to bed already, will you look up?"

"Yes, I'll look up; I shan't be very long."

"You don't think this man meant any harm to the King," she asked as Merrick walked away.

"I don't think so," he replied. "But I'm going to make sure."

Lyndal watched him until the night had swallowed him up. "Be careful," she whispered once again as he disappeared.

She felt strangely nervous, ill at ease; why she could scarcely tell. It was hardly because of the drunken apy Merrick had gone in search of; it was hardly because of Dolores. She looked towards the stables—King Dafodil was safe enough.

(Continued on page 11.)

NERVOUS DISORDERS

Nothing is more characteristic of modern times than the number of victims of some form or another of nervous disorder. Hardly a day passes that one does not hear or read of someone engaged in business or professional life suffering from nervous breakdown or collapse. Yet in spite of this all such troubles might be avoided if the right treatment were adopted at the right time.

Another fact deserving of notice is that many of the persons who are at present struggling on with work which they feel is beyond their powers will similarly break down unless they take steps to rebuild and reinvigorate their nervous system. Is the reader in danger of nervous collapse? If so, we will explain how the whole nervous system may be renewed and all danger of nervous breakdown averted.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU TO ANSWER.

Do you suffer from feelings of lassitude, fatigue, and utter weakness? Are you unable to concentrate your attention, or are you conscious of impaired mental and nervous vitality, general debility, nervous exhaustion, and neurasthenia manifesting itself in the form of headache, vertigo, insomnia, lack of will-power and energy for either mental or physical effort? If so, be very careful, and above all, resist the temptation to resort to some general tonic or stimulant, which you fancy will enable you to continue your occupation or profession. Spurring on an already-weakened nervous system can have but one result—that of still further impoverishing and weakening it and thus hastening nervous breakdown.



HOW NERVE POWER MAY BE REGAINED.

What is really wrong when such symptoms as the above are present is that the delicate nerve and brain tissue has been worn down, and what is needed is a remedy that will replace the worn-away tissue with new matter and foster its growth.

That is precisely what Bishop's Tonules do. They are a combination of nerve-repairing elements which provide nutrition for nerve and brain. They supply the elements that are wanting, and under their influence the power for work, study, composition, and social duties gradually returns.

Thoughtful people will easily realise that this must necessarily take time. If the nervous system has been exposed to excessive strain for month after month until it is seriously weakened, and is giving way, it stands to reason that things cannot be put right in a few days. We make this statement because we do not wish the treatment to be commenced under any misapprehension. Bishop's Tonule treatment takes time, but the result is sure.

BISHOP'S TONULES A NERVE TONIC.

There is, fortunately, in Bishop's Tonules a most effective nerve tonic which goes to the root of the trouble, and affords nerve restoration by rebuilding the nervous system. Bishop's Tonules work wonders in cases of mental depression, exhausted nerves, impaired vitality, tired brain, and general debility. They will give back to you exhausted nerves exactly what is needed, and the lack of which is making you weak. Bishop's Tonules have been warmly welcomed by business and professional men, students, teachers, authors, journalists, and composers, who have recognised in them the remedy that their case needed.

THE APPROACH OF NERVE DISORDERS.

is indicated by such forms of nerve weakness as Lassitude, Fatigue, and General Debility. These very common complaints indicate that the nervous system is being overworked; in other words, nerve energy is being used up faster than it is created. They are, therefore, the earliest signs of the need of Bishop's Tonules, which will renew the nerve strength as fast as it is drawn upon. Singularly enough, the more advanced forms of Nerve Disorders, caused by a further weakening of the nervous system under severe tension, will yield to Bishop's Tonules.

PROOF OF THE SUCCESS OF BISHOP'S TONULE TREATMENT.

H. G. writes: "After suffering from Nervous Debility for seven years, I have been cured by using Bishop's Tonules. A friend procured them for me, and I have taken them regularly for six months, and am now quite well. Friends and other people of this town have written asking me to give them particulars of my case, and if you care to send me down some circulars, I shall be pleased to forward them to any inquirers. You may give my full name and address to anyone applying to Alfred Bishop, Limited."

BEGIN THE TREATMENT TO-DAY.

A supply of Bishop's Tonules will be sent you for 1s. 6d. post free within the U.K., or larger size for 2s. 10d., by Alfred Bishop, Limited, 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E.; or you can obtain them from any chemist at 1s. and 2s. 9d. With every package is enclosed a booklet giving interesting facts on the treatment of nervous disorders. Alfred Bishop, Limited, and we supply any further information our readers would like to have.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Dafodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favour, or the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary).

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Dafodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XXIII. (continued).

"Five minutes!" Merrick repeated as he turned away and led Dolores towards the house.

"I'm so sorry, dearest," he whispered. "The drunken fool has frightened you."

"It was so strange, so uncanny," she faltered. "Just at that moment, the moment we were supremely happy—"

"We are supremely happy now," he smiled.

"Kiss me before you go, let me hold you tightly in my arms again—and tell me you're not afraid; nothing shall, nothing can hurt you now, Dolores, you've given me the right to protect you."

She sighed softly as he held her closely.

"I don't feel easy with your arms around me—I fear when I am away from you, dearest, but we shall soon be together always now—I'm glad you made me promise—I'm glad what you happened to-night—gave yourself well until the 7th," she whispered eagerly as voices from the house came towards them.

"And don't go back to see if that man has 'gone—promise me."

LATEST FASHIONS IN HAIR-DRESSING.



Shown at the Hairdressers' Exhibition at the Portman Rooms, where all those interested in coiffures meet to exchange ideas.

RUSSIAN PASSPORT CASE.



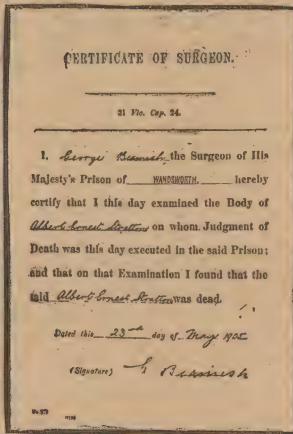
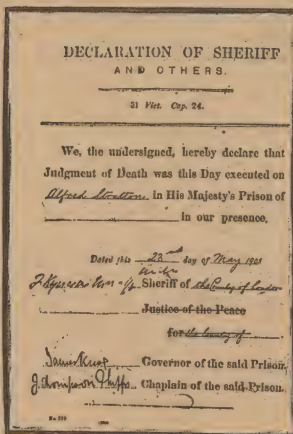
At Bow-street yesterday. Two men charged with supplying an English passport to a Russian revolutionary. Facsimile of Russian passport.

BILLIARD KING.



John Roberts arriving at Caxton Hall, Westminster, to play against H. W. Stevenson. Attendant holds his cue.

GRIM NOTICES POSTED ON WANDSWORTH PRISON.



The declaration of the sheriff and the certificate of the surgeon that the death penalty had been inflicted in the Stratton case for the Deptford murders. Morbid crowds stared at the documents.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

She saw the house was safely locked up, leaving the front door unbolted. Then she went to her room, but, instead of undressing, she blew out the candles and sat by the open window where she could see the stables and the King's box.

Arthur Merrick scarcely expected to find the man he had gone in search of. He knew the odds were that the fellow would have cleared off; but, nevertheless, there was the chance that he might be hiding in the orchard or paddock; there was the chance that he was not such a drunken fool as he had seemed.

And an uneasy suspicion had entered Merrick's mind, a suspicion that he might have been employed by Vogel to spy on King Dafood, to find out, if possible, how good the horse was—possibly to spy on Merrick himself.

The suspicion had not entered Merrick's head until he had bidden Dolores a final good-night. Then, wondering at her fear and nervousness, the idea suddenly entered his head.

"If he is one of Vogel's servants he shall take Mr. Vogel a pretty proof of my treatment of spies," he muttered as he strode down the garden path.

He took a tight grip of the heavy riding whip and gave it a vicious switch through the air. He pulled up short with a smothered oath as the hedge loomed into view; for there, stretched on the ground, lay the man.

Merrick watched him in silence for a moment; he was huddled up apparently asleep, only every now and then his body moved convulsively as if he suffered.

Presently Merrick advanced and gave the prone, quivering form a kick.

"Get up," he said shortly.

There was no response, save a groan.

"Get up, or I'll thrash you!" he cried again.

Slowly the man raised his head and looked at Merrick like a frightened, hunted animal—an animal

tormented and near to death. His lips moved, but not a sound escaped them. Merrick bent down and touched his hand; it was icy cold; his eyes were dull and grey without a spark of life or fire; his lips were dry and cracked.

"What's the matter? Why don't you clear off?" he demanded.

The man struggled to his feet and pointed with his hand to his mouth, and again his lips moved.

And now Merrick caught the words: "Drink—give me—drink."

The evident agony the man was in was clearly depicted on his features.

The dead-white face, the ice-cold hands, and the dull grey eyes full of fear and pain—and something else, some emotion Merrick could not name but could feel.

Instead of the whip Merrick laid his hand on the man's arm.

"What's the matter; speak up and don't try fooling!"

With a great effort the man pulled himself together, and his words came more clearly, more distinctly:

"Give me some drink—anything, and I'll tell you. I'm suffering the tortures of hell. For God's sake—" he heeled and would have fallen if Merrick had not caught him.

He was not acting; Merrick was certain of that now. He gripped him firmly by the arm and led him towards the house. His intention was to leave him on the garden seat and bring him out some brandy; but he altered his mind when the house was reached.

Everyone had gone to bed, no one need see the man, no one need be disturbed; and though the man's clothes were torn and mud-stained, there was something about him that spoke of breeding, that told Merrick he belonged to the great, old army of used-to-be!

He led him to the dining-room, switched on the light, and dropped him into an arm-chair.

"Why, you're shivering!"

The man nodded and his teeth rattled and chattered as he gave his ghastly laugh:

"Yes—all right presently."

Merrick found a bottle of brandy, opened it, and helped the arriver; he watched Merrick with eyes that grew larger and brighter as he saw the spirit poured forth, as the smell of the brandy reached his nostrils.

He clutched the glass like a starving beast, and emptied it in a moment.

The effect was almost instantaneous. For some seconds he lay back with closed eyes. But the death pallor left his face, his features lost their strained, ghastly look.

"Thank God," he said. "Phew, it was a near go—never felt worse."

He held his hand out at arm's length, and watched it tremble and shake.

"Better now, eh?" He looked at Merrick nervously, sheepishly. "I can't remember what's happened—ought to apologise—memory goes on these occasions."

"You've recovered pretty quickly," Merrick said dryly.

The man nodded.

"It won't last long, though. I remember now—letter hasn't lay back with closed eyes."

"D'you want food?"

"Yes—brandy," he laughed. "That's what I live on, but I'm giving it up. You don't mind my helping myself? I'll be quite all right in another minute, then I'll leave you."

"You won't leave me until you've explained what you were doing in this garden," Merrick replied.

He was losing patience.

"What I was doing—in garden?" the man repeated. "My memory's shocking when I've been without it for a time. I keep a note-book. Names, addresses, etc., to remind me." He fumbled in his pocket. "Only thing I don't forget is my own name; wish I could forget that."

"What is your name—and business?"

"My name's Hor—" he stopped himself in time. "Horatio Brown," he laughed. "I'm—I'm—" he was searching through his book. "Of course, you're Mr. Merrick. I'm remembering—"

(Continued on page 13.)



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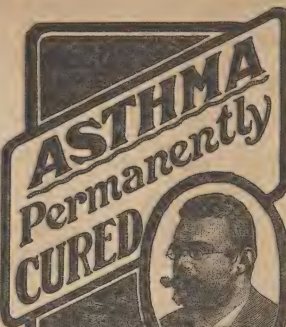
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I cannot forbear expressing to you my very best thanks for the cure of my painful Asthma and Bronchitis accompanied with aching, whistling, rattling noises in the chest. I had taken all remedies which were prescribed for me, but without success. I had no rest at night. I had to sit in bed and gasp for breath, and cough continually. I thought I should suffocate. I could get no relief from doctors. They said it was chronic. In fact, I never expected to walk again. I feel I cannot be too thankful for the direction of Providence which led me to Mr. Wadham's treatment, by which I have the pleasure of saying I can walk, eat, drink, sleep—in fact, do anything. The first time I went out after I had commenced the treatment was in the frost and snow, and I must have been happy to find I have had relief of Asthma since. (Mrs.) M. J. CHAFFIN, (Address on application.) Herebridge.

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WARM WRAPS FOR CHILLY MAY DAYS—A BECOMING HAT.

FASHION'S VAGARIES.

THE MONTH OF ROSES AND ITS SARTORIAL PROSPECTS.

As I write, a fire blazes cheerfully on the hearth and the sun that shines somewhat fitfully has more an October-like aspect than the expected brilliance of merry May. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is, perhaps, a little foolish to prate of muslin and lace frocks; but of millinery one may safely discourse, seeing that whatsoever the weather may or may not be, our headgear must be summer-like.

Gobelin Blue and Smoke Grey.

One item concerning our hats is quite certain; they must not rest solidly upon the head. There must be an abrupt tilt at some point, either at the side or back, formed by the bandeau, which is so arranged as to give the exact tilt needed.

Another equally certain fact is this, that roses of every colour are preferred to any other flowers, for the trimming of hats and masses of foliage are used. When feathers are employed they are either of a snake pattern or short, bushy, and often shaded. A very favourite colour for them is gobelin blue, that queer, faded, beautiful blue that one sees on old tapestries. Another is smoke or elephant grey, and a third gooseberry green.

Rough straws are not worn so much as smooth ones, and soft leghorns and chips are often used when the brims are fluted and held up by trimming. One of the newest ideas is to bind a brim of a hat with a straw of another shade, a notion that emphasises one of the crazes of the year, which is for combining several shades of one fabric. Broad wings are widely used, and are to be obtained in almost every colour, and quill-like leaves are liked to trim morning hats, thrust through a flower buckle at one side.

A Lesson from the Weather.

One truth the cold weather of the past few days has taught us, without a doubt. It is that it is very unwise not to provide ourselves with something new and smart in the way of a wrap; something, for example, like the coat illustrated on this page, with its quaint, high-waisted effect and its smart elbow-sleeves gauged down the inner seams. The white or cream-coloured coats have not lost their hold upon our affections by any means, and clean so well that they cannot be dubbed extravagant, though, to be sure, they demand the kind services of the cleaner frequently. But duck-egg blue is another choice, and moutarde and buff are highly fashionable. I recommend the sketched model to be developed in pale mustard colour with embroideries mainly executed in brown and yellow, but with a little carnation pink added, where shown upon the lapels and so forth, to make a brave display of brightness.

The Triumph of Embroidery.

Considering that throughout the winter many smart women wore cotton shirts, not even the coldest May and June winds need frighten us into putting our flimsy blouses aside. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of these blouses are white, but as well there are the palest seashell-tinted ones of pink to be seen, and blue, violet, and green ones are sometimes ordered.

Such blouses or slips usually depend upon hand embroidery for their embellishment, and upon the most exquisite of hemstitched pleats and tiny hand-run tucks. Broderie Anglaise is, of course, very fashionable still, but fewer drawn-work shirts are seen, except those exquisitely fine ones with

little patches of drawn thread upon them done in the inimitable Oriental manner.

Lace and embroidery are united on half the blouses seen, and the greatest ingenuity is displayed in varying the combinations. The blouse sleeves of the moment are either leg of mutton ones or the deep puff and cuff ones. Dotted muslins, embroidered Swiss muslin and batiste, dimity, nainsook, and lawns of almost every sort of fine white material are used for summer blouses.



That a smart wrap is necessary even in May the present cold weather proves.

On the left is depicted a coat made of pale mustard-coloured cloth, with embroideries of brown, gold, and carnation silk, and above appears a green straw hat decorated with roses and quill foliage.

DISCOVERIES.

FOR NAILS THAT ARE BRITTLE.

The possessor of very brittle nails should rub them at night with cold-cream or vaseline, or, if they go to the other extreme and are soft and tender, wax and alum will harden them.

EXCELLENT USE FOR STALE CRUSTS.

Make a batter with two eggs, half a pint of milk, and two tablespoonsful of flour mixed well together. Cut the stale crusts lengthwise, dip each one in the batter, then fry them till they are a golden brown in hot fat. This makes a nice breakfast dish, and the crusts become quite soft.

PASTE FOR SCRAP BOOKS.

Take a teaspoonful of starch, the same of flour, and moisten it with a small quantity of boiling water. Let it stand a minute, add more water, and stir it over the fire until it is of the consistency required for starching collars. This will be found to spread smoothly, stick well, and will not mould or discolour the paper.

"Vogel's reason was a horse. Are you going to keep your promise? Is The Devil going to win the Derby? That's a question you must answer." Again he chuckled.

Merrick's eyes blazed; his face grew white as death. But he did not move. He could not. His legs seemed to be glued to the spot.

Silence for a minute—the silence that is always so pregnant with sound in a house asleep at night. If Marvis awoke—and heard—and came down. If Lyndal—

Merrick cast a swift glance round the room. For an instant murder whispered to him.

Anything but the shame, disgrace, dishonour. The man watched him with the same, thin, evil smile on his lips.

"Second question I'm here; second question—my own. What are your intentions with regard to—?" the name stuck in his throat. He raised himself in the chair and struggled to speak clearly, calmly, "with regard to Dolores, Dolores Hilary?"

Arthur Merrick made a movement forward then and bent over the quivering, evil figure in the chair.

"If you speak her name again I'll strangle you as you sit there, you drunken cur. Leave her name out of the conversation, never let it be polluted by your tongue again. And take this answer to your master, Vogel. Tell him—"

Merrick stopped short; the sweat poured in cold drops from his face and hands.

"Yes—I'm to tell him?" sneered the man.

(To be continued.)

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OLIVA
FINE OLD MALT GIN.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

He staggered to his feet and gazed earnestly at Merrick, an evil smile gradually parting his lips. "Yes, you're Mr. Merrick, the man." He passed his hands across his eyes. "Was I dreaming again?" he muttered to himself. "I suppose so, the same old dream—"

"Stop mumbling to yourself about your dreams," Merrick cried. "Tell me what the deuce you want here."

The man laughed; his memory was beginning to return, and with it his cunning. He began to remember that he must not say too much, he began to remember his mission. But his brain was still fuddled, his nerves still torn and bleeding.

"Who was the woman you were talking to when—when you found me down there?" jerking his thumb in the direction of the garden.

"What the devil has that got to do with you?"

"Ah! So there was a woman! I couldn't have sworn to it. But now I know. A beautiful woman, a very beautiful woman."

"Stop this, or out you go!" Merrick hissed, seizing hold of him.

"Sorry—don't get excited. I'll explain. A friend of ours, mutual friend, asked me to call. Mr. Vogel, you know Vogel? Very good chap. He's interested in racing. His horse is going to win the Derby, eh?"

"So you do come from Vogel?"

Merrick eyed the whip he had laid on the table.

The man's gaze followed Merrick's. He understood. He realised that he had bungled—he had said too much, or not enough.

He made a dash for the decanter and helped himself to more spirit.

Merrick did not move; he stood still watching him with a sudden awful fascination. A ghastly fear was knocking at his heart, a fear he refused to admit, but could not help being conscious of.

"So Vogel sent you," he repeated in a hard, strained voice. "Did he give you a message for me? If so, deliver it—and get out quickly before I—"

The man was gaining courage—the brandy was doing its work too rapidly. Merrick's voice and manner irritated him; he began to remember what he had seen and heard as he lay concealed in the ditch in the garden.

The sluggish, tired blood whipped through his veins; a million devils shrieked in his ears and tore his heart. All the horrible, nameless things born in the slums of a far-off land danced around him whispering evil suggestions to his soul.

He dropped into the armchair and lay back, clasping his knees in his hands and slowly rocking himself to and fro as he eyed Merrick, a thin, terrible smile on his lips.

"So you're Merrick, you're the man. And you want to know what I'm doing here? I came for two reasons—one was Vogel's, the other was my own."

"Damn your own! Give me Vogel's, and I'll give you my answer."

The man chuckled.

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